



RALPH FARNHAM'S LAST DREAM.

In the midst of his children's children, by the home-fire's cheerful blaze,
An old man sat in an easy-chair, dreaming of by-gone days;
Dreaming of wearisome marches, by flood, morass, and wold,
Where many a brave heart fainted with hunger and thirst and cold;
Dreaming of midnight watch's in the dreary, drizzling rain,
And the hum of his comrades' voices, that he never should hear again;
Of the smouldering fires of the bivouac, the sentinel's measured tread,
The smoke and roar of the battle, and the faces of the dead—
Of the fair young son of his neighbor, who fought and fell by his side,
And the sacred message he gave him to his girl-love when he died.
He saw the face of the maiden grow as cold as death and as pale,
As he sat by her father's heart-stone and told her the cruel tale.
"Ay, ay!" in his sleep he murmured, "she was fair and he was brave,
But she faded away like a blossom, and we made him a soldier's grave.
But we routed the British legions, and sent them over the sea,
For the God of battles helped us, and our native land was free.
My son, I have been dreaming a dream that gave me pain;
I thought I was young, and a soldier, fighting for freedom again:
I saw the tents and the banners, and the shining ranks of the foe,
And the crimson tracks our poor recruits left on the frozen snow.
But is it true, this rumor, or only an idle tale—
Do they talk of dissolving the Union?—Ah, well may your cheek grow pale,
And well may an old man tremble, and his heart beat faint and low,
When he thinks of the price it cost us some fourscore years ago!
I have watched its growing greatness through a life of many years,
But I never forgot that its blessings were purchased with blood and tears.
I never forgot the privations of fourscore years ago,
When the naked feet of our poor recruits left crimson tracks in the snow.
I never forgot their faces, and I seem to see them still,
Who looked straight into the face of death at the battle of Bunker's Hill.
And so the home of Marion is the first to break the band
That bound the beautiful sisterhood of our beloved land;
The children of the heroes around whose memory clings
The glory of King's Mountain, Cowpens, and Eutaw Springs!
I saw our blessed banner, with its white and crimson bars,
When fair South Carolina was one of the thirteen stars;
And if ever that constellation is marred or rent in twain,
It would blast the sight of these poor old eyes to see its folds again.
If God has forsaken our country, the only boon I crave
Is that He will delay its ruin till I have gone down to the grave;
For I could not breathe with traitors, nor turn my face to the sun,
Nor dwell in the land of the living, when the States are no longer one."

SARAH T. BOLTON.



UNDER THE FIR-TREES.

A HARVEST ROMANCE.

"HA, MARIAN! well met, fair maid! Where
rejoicing this bright morn?"
The maiden, with a sigh, replies, "My Lord, to
lease the corn."
Her hair with blossoms wild bedeck'd, her cheek
with blushes dyed,
She stands a very queen of flowers, yet downcast
as a bride.
"Come, Marian, my love, with me; nay, why
so bashful now?
This scorching sun will deeply tinge the whiteness
of thy brow;
The coarse, harsh stubble of the fields these little
hands will spoil;
My village beauty was not born to suffer heat
and toil.
"Come, fairest, come, why linger still? Such
rude employment leave;
Beneath the fir-trees' welcome shade, we'll wander
as at ere.
Have you that happy hour forgot—my murmur'd
vows and sighs?"

Dear Marian, turn, and let me read my answer
in thine eyes!"

Fair Marian at his bidding turns; they pace be-
neath the trees,
Whose tall and tender columns wave and mut-
ter with each breeze.
But those sweet eyes are filled with tears, the
blush forsakes her cheek.
"What is it troubles Marian so? Speak, little
maiden, speak."
But Marian, resting on a bank, looks down and
thinks a while;
The handsome noble, lounging near, looks on
with careless smile.
No sound disturbs the solitude but labor's dis-
tant hum:
Impatiently at last he cries, "My sweetest, art
thou dumb?"
Then, hands clasped loosely round his arm, up-
turn'd her pretty face,
Fair Marian says with earnest air, yet full of
modest grace,
"The words you whisper'd me last night, and
once we met before,



SEA BATTERY, FORT MONROE, OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 70.]

"Biddy," said I, "how do you manage it? Either I am very stupid or you are very clever." "What is it that I manage?" "I don't know," returned Biddy, smiling.

She managed our whole domestic life, and wonderfully too; but I did not mean that that made what I did mean more surprising.

"How do you manage, Biddy," said I, "to learn every thing that I learn, and always to be up with me?" "It was beginning to be rather up with my knowledge, for I spent my birthday gains on it, and set aside the greater part of my pocket-money for similar investment; though I have no doubt now that the little I knew was extremely dear at the price."

"I might as well ask you," said Biddy, "how you manage?"

"No; because when I come in from the forge at night, any one might be turning to it. But you never turn to it, Biddy."

"I suppose I must catch it—like a cough," said Biddy, quietly; and went on with her sewing.

Pursuing my idea as I looked back in my golden chair and looked at Biddy sewing away with her head on one side, I began to think her rather an extraordinary girl. For I called to mind now that she was equal to the names of our different sorts of work, and our various tools. In short, whatever I knew, Biddy knew. Then, retroitely, she was already as good a blacksmith as I, or better.

"You are one of those, Biddy," said I, "who make the most of every chance. You never had a chance before you came here, and see how improved you are."

Biddy looked at me for an instant, and went on with her sewing. "I was your first teacher then; wasn't I?" said she, as she sewed.

"Biddy!" I exclaimed in amazement. "Why, you are crying!"

"No, I am not," said Biddy, looking up and laughing. "What put it in your head?"

What could have put it in my head but the pleasing of a man who had been so kind to me? I sat silent, recalling what a drudge she had been out Mr. Wopple's great-aunt successfully overcame that bad habit of living, so highly desirable to be got rid of by some people. I recalled, too, the hopeless circles of poverty in which she had been surrounded in the miserable little shop and the miserable little noisy evening-school, with that miserable old bundle of incompetence always to be dragged into the foreground. I recalled, too, even in these untoward times there must have been latent in Biddy what was now developed or developing; for in my first meanness and discontent I had turned to her, as a sister, to console me, to help me, to cheer me, as I sat sewing, shedding no more tears, and while I looked at her, and thought about it all, it occurred to me that perhaps I had not been sufficiently grateful to Biddy. I might have been too reserved, and should have petted her more (though I did not use that precise word in my meditations) with my confidence.

Yes, Biddy, I observed, when I had done turning it over, "You were my first teacher, and that at a time when we little thought of her being together like this, in this kitchen."

"Ah, poor thing!" replied Biddy; and it was like her self-forgetfulness to transfer the remark to my sister, and she began to weep, and her, making her more comfortable; "that's sad! truly!"

"Well!" said I, "we must talk together a little more, as we used to do. I must consult you a little more, as I used to do. Let me have a quiet walk on the marshes next Sunday, Biddy, and a long chat."

My sister was never left alone now; but Joe more than readily undertook the care of her. On that Sunday afternoon, and Biddy and I went out together. It was summer time and lovely weather. When we had passed the village and the church and the school, and were out on the marshes, and began to see the tops of the ships as they sailed on, I began to combine Miss Havisham and Estella with the prospect, in my usual way. When we came to the river-side and sat down on the bank, with the water rippling at our feet, making it all more quiet than it would have been without that sound, I resolved that it was a good time and place for the admission of Biddy into my inner life.

"Biddy," said I, after bidding her to secrecy, "I want to be a gentleman."

"Oh, I wouldn't, if I was you," she returned. "I don't think you would be any better."

"Biddy," said I, with some severity. "I have particular reasons for wanting to be a gentleman."

"You know best, Pip; but you don't think you are happier as you are?"

"Biddy," I exclaimed, impatiently, "I am not at all happy as I am. I am disgusted with calling and with my life. I have never taken to either since I was bound. Don't be absurd!"

"Was I absurd?" said Biddy, quietly raising her eyebrows; "I am sorry for that; I didn't mean to be. I only want you to do well, and to be comfortable."

"Well, then, understand once for all that I never shall or can be comfortable—or any thing but miserable—there, Biddy!—unless I can lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now."

"That's a pity," said Biddy, shaking her head with a sorrowful air.

Now, I too had so often thought it a pity, that, in the singular kind of quarrel with myself which I was always carrying on, I was half-tempted to about tears of vexation and distress when Biddy gave vent to her own. And I knew my own. I told her she was right, and that it was much to be regretted, but still it was not to be helped.

"If I could have settled down!" I said to Biddy, flogging up the short grass within reach, much as I had once upon a time pulled my feelings out of my hair and kicked them into the air. "I wish I could have settled down, and been half as fond of the forge as I was when I was a little, I know it would have been much better for me. You and I and Joe would have wanted nothing then, and I should have been happy to have been when I was out of my time, and I might even have grown up to keep company with you, and we might have sat upon this very bank on a fine Sunday, quite different people. I should have been old enough ferent people; shouldn't I, Biddy?"

Biddy sighed as she looked at the ships sailing on, and returned for answer, "I don't over part with the sail, Biddy."

"Instead of that," said I, plucking up more of the grass and chewing a blade or two, "see how I am going on. Dissatisfied, and uncomfortable, and I don't know what it signifies to me, being coarse and common, if nobody had told me so!"

Biddy turned her face suddenly toward mine, and looked far more attentively at me than she had looked at me for some time.

"It was neither a very true nor a very polite thing to say," she remarked, directing her eyes to the ships again. "Who said it?"

"I was discontented," I said, and I had broken away without only intending where I was going. It was not to be shuffled off now, however, and I answered, "The beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's, and she's more beautiful than any I've ever seen, and I admire her dreadfully, and I want to be a gentleman on her account."

Having made which inane confession I began to throw my torn-up grass in the river, as if I had any more thoughts to follow. I was not a gentleman, and I don't want to be a gentleman, to spite her or to gain her over?" Biddy quietly asked me, after a pause.

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me pain; she would far rather have wounded her own breast than mine. How could it be, then, that I did not like her much the better of the two?

"Biddy," said I, when we were walking homeward, "I wish you could put me right."

"I wish I could," said Biddy. "If I could only get myself well to love with you—you don't mind my speaking so openly to such an old acquaintance?"

"Oh dear, not at all!" said Biddy. "Don't mind me."

"If I could only get myself to do it, that would be the thing for me."

"But you never will, you see," said Biddy. "It did not appear quite so unlikely to me that evening as it does now. I have discussed it a few hours before. I therefore observed I was not quite sure of that. But Biddy said she was, and she said it decisively. In my heart I believed her to be right; and when I took it rather ill, too, that she should be so positive upon the point."

When we came near the church-yard we had to cross an embankment, and get over a stile and through a gate. I was not sure of the gate, or from the rushes, or from the oze (which was quite in his stagnant way), old Oriek.

"Enlloa!" he growled; "where are you two going?"

"Where should we be going, but home?"

"Well, then, I see, 'I'm jiggered if I don't see you home!'"

This penalty of being jiggered was a favorite expression of his. He attached no definite meaning to the word that I am aware of, but used it, like his own pretended Christian name, to affront mankind, and convey an idea of something savagely damaging. When I was young I believed her to be right; and when I took it rather ill, too, that she should be so positive upon the point."

Biddy was much against his going with us, and said to me in a whisper, "Don't let him catch you. I don't like him. As I did not like him either, I took the liberty of saying that we thanked him, but we didn't want seeing home. He received that piece of information with a yell of laughter, and dropped back, but came along, nevertheless, getting on his feet."

Curious to know whether Biddy suspected him of having had a hand in that murderous attack of which my sister had never been able to give any account, I asked her why she did not like him.

"Oh!" she replied, glancing over her shoulder as he slouched after us, "because I—I am afraid he likes me."

"I don't know," I said, glancing over her shoulder again, "he never told me so; but he dances at me whenever he can catch my eye."

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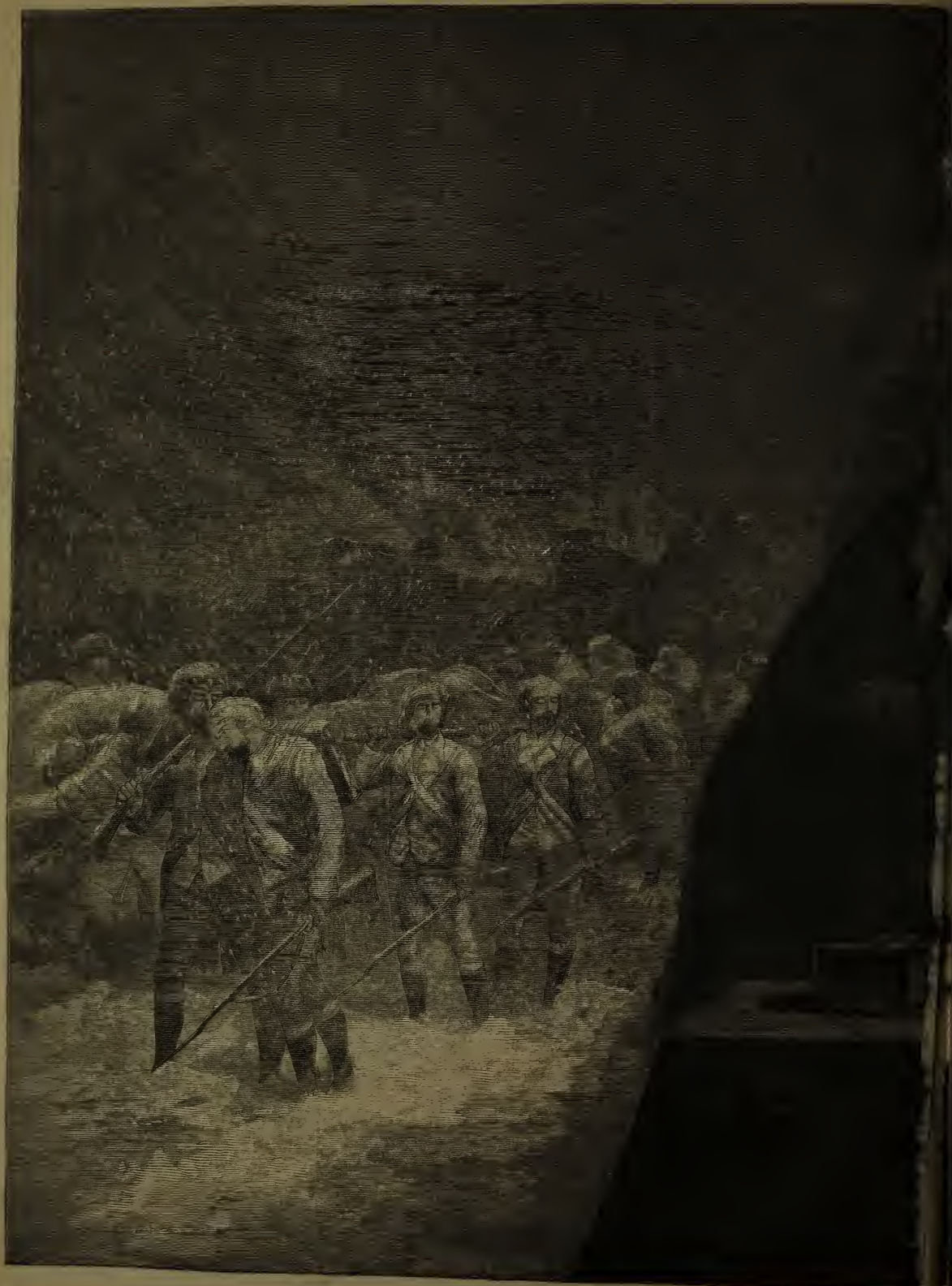
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Speaking of this fortress, a Virginian authority says:

It is very large. The walls are more than a mile in circumference, and are surrounded by a moat, which is from sixty to one hundred feet wide, with eight feet of water, drawbridge, and outer batteries. It mounts some thirty guns, and is well adapted for the use of the shells, furnaces for heating balls, etc. Nothing could approach within three miles except under the fire of all this artillery. The walls are of brick, and the moat is filled with water. The moat is from sixty to one hundred feet wide, with eight feet of water, drawbridge, and outer batteries. It mounts some thirty guns, and is well adapted for the use of the shells, furnaces for heating balls, etc. Nothing could approach within three miles except under the fire of all this artillery. The walls are of brick, and the moat is filled with water. The moat is from sixty to one hundred feet wide, with eight feet of water, drawbridge, and outer batteries. 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THE DREAM OF A SECESSIONIST





D. F. JAMESON, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION, AND MINISTER OF WAR.—[SEE PAGE 73.]

culties, she thought, and many and bitter were the tears she wept in repenting her severity. She firmly expected him to write again when she returned his note, but had calculated too strongly on his love, and not strongly enough on his pride, making the same error as on the occasion of the straw-rick.

But tears, and paleness, and apathy were of no avail. He had gone, and gone in anger. The gosips had their nice days of idle talk, of praise and blame, ill concealed and worse spoken. The young people sighed for their light-hearted and pleasant friend for a while, and then, intent on their own little confidences, let him pass to a sort of easy half-life.

A year rolled around, and shortly before Christ-

mas young Solgwick received a packet from New York, which, being opened, proved to contain a wonderfully elaborate and beautiful set of designs, somewhat similar, but decidedly superior, to those that Fay Howard had executed the year before. A brief note accompanied them:

"DEAR SONGWICK,—I have amused myself, in spare moments, by designing the Xmas decorations for your church, which I inclose to you. Ask our friends to accept them in the name of
FAY HOWARD."

There was no address given, no clue by which a communication could have been made to reach him; and when Jeannie Sherman read the note she felt how completely she and Fay were separated, and shed more tears, and wore a sadder, paler face than ever.

Through the snowy and smould'ring village, with its vista of white-roofed houses, walked Fay Howard, well wrapped in his great-coat, with the red light of his cigar glimmering periodically from under his mustache.

He took his way directly to the hotel, where the landlord looked in wonderment upon him, and "wanted to know" a good deal more than Fay told him.

"What is that light in the church windows?" asked the young man, as soon as he had arranged his external toilet a little.

"They're trimming it, Sir, with Christmas-green."

"Ah, I thought so. Give me the key to my room. I'll be back late, perhaps."

He took the key, and recessed the common to the little church, pausing a moment to glance over the ancient churchyard, beneath whose snow-capped grave-stones slept the Ingletons dead of nearly two centuries. Then he ascended the steps, noiselessly entered the vestibule, and stood with his hand upon the latch of the half-covered door.

A demon of unrest had haunted him ceaselessly ever since the cold Christmas weather had set in. It had seemed to him that he must see Jeannie once more at that blessed season, or die before the New Year was born. Pursued by this idea, and a mysterious prescience of coming joy, he had hastened back to Ingleton. Here he was at the church door, and he knew that she must be inside. He entered, trembling.

There was much joy among the young folk, and many were the greetings he received—many and warm. Last of all came Jeannie Sherman, worn and weary-looking, but no longer pale. The riotous blood, knowing that neither voice nor eye could

find strength to welcome him, rushed up into her cheeks and dyed them crimson, as a signal of the great joy she could not otherwise express. Their words were few, and merely kind, without reference to the past or the future. Each marked the changes sorrow had wrought in the other, but neither mentioned them, and after a brief space, when all the commonplaces of welcome were over, Fay went quietly to work, explaining the more intricate portions of his designs, and assisting his friends to arrange the evergreen.

The chains that are stronger than links of steel and bands of iron soon worked their simple miracle, and brought Fay and Jeannie side by side. It was a little embarrassing at first, and they kept silence. At length he spoke: "Had you forgot-



THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—[SEE PAGE 73.]



THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS.

As old Man had many Sons, who were often quarreling with one another. When the father had exerted his authority, and made other means to reconcile them, but all to no purpose, he at last had recourse to this expedient: he ordered his Sons to be called before him, and a short bundle of sticks to be brought; then commanded them each to try if, with all his might and strength, he could break it. They all tried, but to no purpose; for the sticks being closely and compactly bound up together, it was impossible for the force of man to do it.

After this, the father ordered the bundle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his

Sons, at the same time bidding him try to break it; which when each did with all imaginable force, the father addressed them to this effect: "O, my Sons, behold the power of unity: for I, you, in like manner, would but keep yourselves suitably conjoined in the bonds of friendship, it would not be in the power of any mortal to hurt you; but when once the ties of brotherly affection are dissolved, how soon you become exposed to every injurious hand that assaults you!"

MORAL.—Union is Strength.



THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—EXTERIOR.—[SEE PAGE 76.]

ten me, Jeanie?"—really a very absurd question, and quite malapropos.

"No, indeed."

"I thought you would"—really a very untrue statement.

"Did you? Oh, Fay!"

"I thought you wished to."

"And you hated me?"

"No, Jeanie, just the opposite—always!"

"And you could forgive me?"

"I hardly know which should forgive the other, Jeanie; but here, in this place, where we have so often listened together to the words of peace, is it not well for us to make our peace?"

She gave him her hand, quickly and silently, as

they bent over their evergreens, and the spirit of the olden time came back to them, hallowed, chastened, and made earnest by the grief through which they had passed.

On Christmas morning all the good people of



THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—INTERIOR. OPENING CONCERT ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1861.—SEE P.

legion were loud in their praises of the manner in which the church was trimmed. Nothing, it seemed to them, could be more beautiful than the decorations, so artistically planned, so deftly arranged.

But there was something more beautiful. It was a group of young girls—fresh, rosy, and clad in spotless white—attended by intelligent and comely companions. In the midst of these were the Pay Howard and Jean Sherman, arrayed in the garb of lyceum festival. They entered at the close of the service, and, taking their places before the venerable pastor, were joined in that bond which makes two hearts one—the highest, holiest, of all human sacraments.

"Love," saith the Apostle, "is the fulfilling of the law."

HON. D. F. JAMIESON.

THE HON. D. F. JAMIESON, of whom we this week present our readers a faithful portrait, was born some fifty-two years ago in Orangeburg District, South Carolina. His ancestors, a few generations back, were Scotch and German. Some of them acquired a local distinction as partisan leaders in the Revolution. Mr. Jamieson inherited from his parents a handsome property, enough to enable him to graduate at South Carolina College. Shortly after leaving college he was admitted to the bar, but soon retired from practice. He was then elected to the State Legislature, and continued to be re-elected several years, after which he was elected to the commission of Brigadier-General in the State Service, and had command of a splendid brigade of cavalry, in which branch of the military service he took delight.

To literature Mr. Jamieson has so honestly earned though necessarily limited reputation. In their time he was a frequent contributor to the *Southern Quarterly*, to the *Southern and Western*, and to *Rassell's Magazine*. To the second-named magazine he contributed a series of papers setting forth the Scripture argument in defense of slavery. For the past three years his attention has been engaged upon a work entitled "A History of the Life and Times of Bertrand de Guesclien," the well-known hero of France, and, in his day, the best representative of its chivalry.

In 1830 Mr. Jamieson removed from Orangeburg to Barnwell District, and became the next-door neighbor of the distinguished Southern poet, historian, and novelist, W. Gilmore Simms. On the 6th day of December last the people of Barnwell elected him to be their representative in the Sovereign Convention of South Carolina. That Mr. Jamieson was chosen President of that memorable body, and now holds the position of Secretary of War to the Palmetto Republic, are facts so well known that we need not dwell upon them here.

Mr., or, as he is more commonly called, General Jamieson, is a cotton planter, and has a fine estate of two thousand acres, worked by some seventy negroes. As a man he is gentle and unassuming. From an extensive course of reading he possesses resources which make him quite at home in all classes of literature, politics, and sociology. He has a clear, vigorous, and comprehensive mind; but, in kind, in brilliancy, his logic seldom calls for aid to the faculties of fancy and imagination. With morals unstained by reproach, with a character guileless of blemish, no man is more highly esteemed by all who know him than General D. F. Jamieson.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

We publish on page 76, from a photograph kindly sent us from Charleston, South Carolina, a picture of the Washington Artillery of that city.

This is the largest and most efficient corps in this branch of the service among the citizen soldiers of Charleston, having a roll of 150 active members. A detachment of this corps is at present stationed at Fort Moultrie, where in the late attack upon the steamship *Star of the West*, they gave strong evidence of what may be expected at their hands should Charleston be invaded. When the ordinance of secession was passed this corps was the first to offer its services to the State. Their arms are six brass field-pieces, and Minié muskets with Maynard primers.

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On Tuesday 15th and Thursday 17th inst., the Brooklyn Academy of Music was formally opened by a concert and a ball, and we take this opportunity of presenting our readers with two views of it—one showing the interior, the other the exterior. Some three years have now passed since the project of an Academy of Music in Brooklyn began to assume reality. Several enterprising citizens of Brooklyn, dissatisfied with the want of a suitable room for concerts, canvassed their friends, and found that people were willing to subscribe money for the purpose of erecting an academy that should be worthy of the city. Prominent among these were Mr. Luther B. Wyman, S. D. Chittenden, E. Whitehouse, John W. Smith, and others. A sum of \$150,000 was at once subscribed, and the work was subsequently increased to \$200,000; the work was placed in the hands of experienced architects; and so, now, after many weary months of waiting and of management, the Brooklyn Academy is placed in the hands of its owners, complete, perfect, and free of debt.

The building is of brick, with decorations of Doric order. The walls, which are Gothic in style, are faced with stone, with a large brick inserted into the centre of their arched stone cappings. There are seven entrances, the chief of which are through a portico whose arches and pillars combine massive strength with lightness and grace.

The exterior of the building is said to be finer than that of any other Academy of Music in the world.

The interior comprises a theatre, a concert-hall, dressing and change rooms, a green-room, a kitchen, store-rooms, etc., etc. The theatre will seat 2200 people, every one of whom can see the stage conveniently. There are no less than twelve procession boxes. The whole theatre is elaborately decorated in the Gothic style, and the effect, when lit up by gas and filled with handsome women and brave men, is very striking. The concert-hall is 63 feet long by 48 wide and 45 high—a very beautiful room indeed. The smaller rooms are convenient; the kitchen baronial, and suggestive of such feasts as our ancestors used to give in the days of the Tudors; the space compels us to curtail this description, which might be prolonged to any length. Our Brooklyn neighbors have certainly achieved a triumph in their Academy; and the effect of such a building on the study of music and the popularity of lectures—both powerful agents of civilization—can not fail to be felt.

TOO LATE.

Hear! speak low; tread softly;
Draw the sheet aside;
Yes, she does look peaceful;
With that smile she died.

Yet stern want and sorrow
Do now you trace
On the worn, worn features
Of the still white face.

Restless, helpless, hopeless,
Was her bitter part;
Now—how still the Violets
Lie upon her heart!

She who toiled and labored
For her daily bread;
See the velvet hangings
Of this stately bed.

Yes, they did forgive her;
Brought her home at last;
Strove to cover over
Their relentless past.

Ah, they would have given
Wealth, and home, and pride,
To see her just look happy
Once before she died!

They strove hard to please her,
But, when dead, is dead,
All you know is deadened,
Hope, and joy, and fear.

And besides, one sorrow
Deeper still—one pain
Was beyond them: healing
Came to day—in vain!

If she had but lingered
Just a few hours more;
Or had this time reached her
Just one day before!

I can almost pity
Even him to-day;
Though he let this anguish
Eat her heart away.

Yet she never blamed him:
One day you shall know
How this sorrow happened;
It was long ago.

I have read the letter;
Many a weary year,
For one word she hungered—
There are thousands here.

If she could but hear it,
Could but understand;
See—I put the letter
In her cold white hand.

Even these words, so longed for,
Do not stir her rest;
Well—I should not murmur,
For God judges best.

She needs no more pity;
But I mourn his fate,
When he hears his letter
Came a day too late.

A BITTER THOUGHT.

I HAVE a bitter Thought, a Saeko
That used to sting my life to pain.
I strive to cast it far away,
But every night and every day
It crawled back to my heart again.

It was in vain to live or strive,
To think or sleep, to work or pray;
At last I bade this thing accursed
Gnaw at my heart, and do its worst,
And so I let it bave its way.

Thus said I: "I shall never fall
Into a false and dreaming peace,
And then awake, with sudden start,
To find it biting at my heart,
For now the pain can never cease."

But I gained more; for I have found
That such a snake's venomous charm
Must always, always find a part,
Deep in the centre of my heart,
Which it can never wound or harm.

'Tis colder round my heart to-day,
It sleeps at times, this cruel snake,
And while it sleeps it never stings—
Hush! let us talk of other things,
Lest it should hear me and awake.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES WALKLEY," "BARRY KORNGUT,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Well, what next? you have bethought you of any thing more?" cried a large full man, whose angry look and manner showed how he resented these cheatings.

I staggered back sick and faint, for the individual before me was Crofton, my kind host of long ago in Ireland, and from whose hospitable roof I had taken such an unceremonious departure.

"Who are you?" cried he, again. "I had hoped to have paid every thing and every body. Who are you?"

Wishing to retire unrecognized, I stammered out something very unphilosophically indeed about my gratitude, and my hope for a pleasant journey to him, retreating all the while toward the door.

"It's all very well to wish the traveler a pleasant journey," said he, "but you inkeeper ought to bear in mind that no man's journey is rendered more agreeable by roguery. This house is somewhat clearer than the Clarendon in London, or the Hôtel du Rhin at Paris. Now, there might be perhaps some pretext to make a man pay smartly who travels post, and here two or three servants with him, but what excuse can you make for charging some poor devil of a foot traveler, taking his humble meal in the common room, and, naturally enough, of the commonest fare, for making him pay eight florins a night?—and that, too, for the dinner?"

"Why, our dinner here for two people was handsomely paid at six florins ahead, and yet you bring in a bill of eight florins against that poor wretch, who is about effecting this delicate change. I will not linger over his indignation, and certain changes which time and the road had worked in my appearance, it was more than probable I should escape undetected, and so I tried to busy myself with some articles of his luggage that lay scattered about the room until I could manage to slip away."

"Touch nothing, my good fellow," cried he, "and send my own people here for these things. Let my courier come here—or my valet."

This was too good an opportunity to be thrown away, and I made at once for the door, but at the same time I turned my head to see Mary Crofton stood before me. One glance showed me that I was discovered, and there I stood, speechless with shame and confusion. Rallying, however, after a moment, I whispered, "Don't betray me," and tried to pass on to the staid of mind my entreaty, she set her back to the door, and laughingly cried out to her brother,

"Don't you know whom we have got here?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed he.

"Can not you recognize an old friend, notwithstanding all his efforts to cut us?"

"Why—what—surely it can't be—it's not possible—oh?"

"I will tell you, and I will tell you in a way that will show the strong light of the window, and then, with a loud burst, he cried out, "Pots, by all that's ragged! Pots himself!"

Why, old fellow, what could you mean by wanting to escape as you did, and then to hand with a cordial shake that at once brought the blood back to my heart, while his sister completed my happiness by saying,

"If you only knew all the schemes we have planned to catch you, you would certainly not have tried to avoid us."

I made an effort to say something—any thing, in short—but not a word would come. If I was overjoyed at the sight of my old friend, I was no less overwhelmed with shame; and there I stood, looking very pitifully from one to the other, and almost wishing that I might faint outright, and so finish my misery.

With a woman's fast, Mary Crofton seemed to read the meaning of my suffering, and, whispering one word in her brother's ear, she stepped away and left us alone together.

"I am alone," said he, good-naturedly, as he drew his arm inside of mine, and led me down the room, "tell me all about it. How have you come here? What are you doing?"

I have not the faintest recollection of what I said. I know that I endeavored to tell him my story from the day I had last seen him, but it must have proved a very strange and bungling narrative, from the questions which he was forced occasionally to put, in order to follow me out.

"Well," said he, at last, "I will own to you that, after your abrupt departure, I was sorely puzzled what to make of you, and I might have remained longer in the same way, had it not been for a chance visitor that I made to Dublin led me to Dycor's, and there, by a mere accident, I heard of you—heard who you were, and where

your father lived. I went at once and called upon him, my object being to learn if he had any tidings of you, and where you then were. I found him no better informed than I was. He showed me a letter which a few days before the morning you left home, stating that you would probably be absent some days, and might be even weeks, but that since that date nothing had been heard of you. I was, of course, disappointed, but not uneasy or apprehensive about your absence, and the same tone I observed in your college tutor, Doctor Tolpin. He said: 'You will come back, leave me no more doubts, and not a wisp of smoke can hurt me.' His self-esteem as to his capacity is in the reduplicative ratio of the inverse proportion of his ability, and he will be always a fool." I wrote to various friends of ours, enquiring about the world, but none had met with you; and at last, when about to come abroad myself, I called again upon your father, and found him just re-married."

"Re-married!"

"Yes! he was lonely, he said, and wanted companionship, and so on; and all I could obtain from him was a note for a hundred pounds, and a promise that, if you came back within the year, you should share the business of his shop with him."

"Never never!" said I. "Pots may be the fool they deem him, but there are instincts and promptings in his secret heart that they know nothing of. I will never go back. Go on."

"I now come to my own story. I left Ireland a day or two after and came to England, where business duties were some weeks. My wife and I went and left him his key—not, indeed, so much as I had expected, but very well off for a man who had passed his life on very moderate means. There were a few legacies to be paid, and one or two especially entrusted to me by a secret paper, in the hope that, by delicate and judicious management, I might be able to persuade the person in whose interest it was bequeathed to accept it. It was, indeed, a task of no small difficulty, the legacies being the widow of a man who had, by my uncle's cruelty, been driven to destroy himself. It is a long story, which I can not now enter upon; enough that I say it had been a trial of strength between me and the person in whose interest it was, which should crush the other, and my uncle being the richer, and not from any other reason, conquered."

The victory was a very barren one. I committed over an hour of his life after, and the only reparation in his power he attempted on his death-bed, which was to settle an annuity on the family of the men he had ruined. I found out once where they lived, and about effecting this delicate change. I will not linger over my failure—but it was complete. The family was in actual distress, but nothing would induce them to listen to the project of assistance; and, in fact, the indignation compelled me to my own inactivity in despair. My sister did her utmost in the cause, but equally in vain, and we prepared to leave the place, much depressed and cast down by our failure. It was the day after the day of the day, and I was in the village, a townman of the place, whom I had employed to aid my attempt by his personal influence with the family, asked to see me and speak with me in private.

"I will tell you, and I will tell you in a way that will show the strong light of the window, and then, with a loud burst, he cried out, "Pots, by all that's ragged! Pots himself!"

Why, old fellow, what could you mean by wanting to escape as you did, and then to hand with a cordial shake that at once brought the blood back to my heart, while his sister completed my happiness by saying, "If you only knew all the schemes we have planned to catch you, you would certainly not have tried to avoid us."

I made an effort to say something—any thing, in short—but not a word would come. If I was overjoyed at the sight of my old friend, I was no less overwhelmed with shame; and there I stood, looking very pitifully from one to the other, and almost wishing that I might faint outright, and so finish my misery."

With a woman's fast, Mary Crofton seemed to read the meaning of my suffering, and, whispering one word in her brother's ear, she stepped away and left us alone together.

"I am alone," said he, good-naturedly, as he drew his arm inside of mine, and led me down the room, "tell me all about it. How have you come here? What are you doing?"

I have not the faintest recollection of what I said. I know that I endeavored to tell him my story from the day I had last seen him, but it must have proved a very strange and bungling narrative, from the questions which he was forced occasionally to put, in order to follow me out."

"Well," said he, at last, "I will own to you that, after your abrupt departure, I was sorely puzzled what to make of you, and I might have remained longer in the same way, had it not been for a chance visitor that I made to Dublin led me to Dycor's, and there, by a mere accident, I heard of you—heard who you were, and where

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